

HOME.

Cling to thy home, if there the moment shall find thee a heart and shelter for thy head. And some poor plot, with vegetables stored, and all that heaven allots thee for thy board—Unwary bread and herbs that scattered grow Wild on the river banks of mountain brow. Yet even this sheltered mansion shall provide More hearty repose than all the world beside. —From the Greek of Leonidas, by Robert Bland.

The Absentminded Doctor.

One of New York's best known physicians has also the reputation of being one of the most absentminded of men.

He was engaged the other evening stuffing a trunk and dress suit case with clothing and manuscripts preparatory to starting immediately for a western city where he was to lecture before a convention of pathologists on that branch of therapeutics which had brought him fame. A number of his professional friends who were to accompany him were in waiting. The luggage was well on its way to the railway station, the doctor and his friends following, when his friends were surprised to see the doctor start suddenly as though he had suffered a cardiac shock and clasp his breast on the left side. They threw their arms about him to support him and prevent him from falling, but the doctor waved them off and smiled.

"Boys," he exclaimed, "I've forgot to bring any money with me. It's one on me. Come back to the office a minute, and we'll have a drop of that Scotch you all know so well." The invitation was readily accepted by his fellows, who were hilarious at the joke on the man who was to devote one of his series of lectures to "the loss of memory, its causes and remedy." Seated in his study, he said:

"Boys, we are a bit early for the train, and while we're waiting I'll tell you of an embarrassing experience which happened me as a result of my treacherous memory on my last tour through the west.

"Two of us started from New York. Dr. Blank, a tall fellow, like myself, but a great deal more thoughtful of little things that make life's pathway a bit smoother at times. He had arranged everything, not forgetting even extra collar buttons. We had nearly reached Buffalo when I remembered that all my clothing as well as my manuscripts were at home in a trunk waiting for the expressman I had forgotten to send for. A few days before starting I managed to think to express duplicate copies of my addresses ahead to the city where I was to begin the course of lectures.

"I telegraphed to New York to send on my clothing, but we were nearly 15 hours ahead of the next express and had figured to arrive in town just in time to snatch a mouthful of food and get to the lecture room.

"My manuscripts had arrived all right, but there I was in a traveling costume of linen, covered with dust and not fit to be presented to an audience who were anticipating much, even in the way of dress, from a New York specialist. My linen was thoroughly soiled on the trip, and I didn't have time to buy new shirts, collars or cuffs. Dr. Blank had brought several suits of clothes with him as well as a good supply of linen, so we overcame this obstacle and thought little more about it. But linen and outside wearing apparel weren't the only things I found I needed when I had to take advantage of Blank's generous offer to let me use his own shoes. I only wore my own shoes because Blank's were one size smaller and a trifle narrower than mine. But other than furnishing me with foot wear I was clothed throughout in Blank's wardrobe. It was not evening dress, but a suit of the frock cut, which answered very well, and I considered it at least semiappropriate for the occasion.

"The lecture hall was but a short way from the hotel, and I told Blank to go ahead and I would follow immediately, as we were now some minutes late. Blank obeyed and announced that I would soon be there, as I was then dressing. After dressing I discovered I was low in funds, very low, and of course, desiring to keep up the reputation of the profession in the metropolis I didn't care to go among strangers without enough money to sustain this reputation in case of an emergency.

"I searched through the pockets of the clothing I had discarded and, writing a check for \$100, rushed to the desk of the hotel to have it cashed. I passed it to the clerk with that request. I suppose he mistook my haste for excitement and looked at me suspiciously as he read the signature on the check. I requested that he would not delay me and showed him my name on the register, where Blank had registered for me. I quickly discerned the expression of suspicion in the clerk's face, and it made me angry. Again I demanded that he grant my request at once.

"How are we to know you are the person whose signature is on this check?" he asked.

"I told him I didn't know how he was to know it, but that I was a guest in the hotel.

"Have you anything about you that will identify you?" he inquired.

"I have letters addressed to me," said I, forgetting I had on Blank's clothes, and I thrust my hand in the inside pocket and threw him a whole bundle without looking at them.

"I saw the clerk read the name on envelopes, look at me again and reach for another room. Immediately another gentleman, who I afterward learned was the proprietor of the hotel, came but carrying the bundle of letters in his hand.

"I beg pardon," he said, "but there

seems to be some misunderstanding. Have you anything further to identify you; any marking on your clothes?" "Now, I always have my initials stuck in my hat, so I snatched it off my head and, again without looking at it, handed my hat—or, rather, Blank's hat—to my interrogator. He looked inside the hat, changed his glance toward me for a moment and asked me to step into the office, an invitation I mistook as meaning he was to deliver the money and that he was convinced I was the person I had represented myself to be. He requested me to wait a moment, but I noted he still carried my hat—or, again, Blank's hat—with him as he left the room. He returned shortly, accompanied by another person, who I afterward learned was the hotel detective. Without ceremony the newcomer addressed me in no polite language.

"We've been looking for you for a long time, and we've finally got you," he said. "You're a forger. Now, you write your signature again before me, or you'll have to accompany me to the police station."

"I protested, but to no avail, so at last I accommodated him and was shocked when he brought the register before me and compared the writings, which of course were entirely different.

"I tried to explain that Blank had registered for me, that I had on his suit of clothes and hat, but the detective laughed at me. I didn't think of wearing Blank's linen, and so I opened my vest and challenged him to note the initials on the flap of my shirt. He complied with this request, and I suddenly remembered that I also had on Blank's shirt and attempted to tell him of this fact, but it was no use. He didn't stop at my shirt flap, but investigated the straps of my underwear, where in ink indelible as night was marked in big letters 'J. H. B.' He removed my collar, my necktie, my cuffs, and on each of these things he found the same markings of the same indelible initials, 'J. H. B.'"

"I looked at my watch. It was nearly 9 o'clock, and I was down for the first address. I protested till I was tired as I for the second time put on Blank's garments, which had got me into such an embarrassing predicament. I was actually being led from the hotel to the police station when Blank, all excited, rushed in and grabbed me by the arm. Explanations followed, and apologies came later from the clerk, the proprietor and the detective, and I finally delivered my lecture. But after it I needed the hundred given me on my check by the proprietor to square myself with the boys.

"By the way," he concluded, looking at his watch, "I almost forgot we were going to take the 9:30. We've got just 15 minutes to get it, and it'll take some lively hustling to make the station." —New York Times.

Remarkable Memories.

"Memory," said old Fuller, the author of the "Worthies," who himself possessed a wonderful power of reminiscence, "is the storehouse of the mind, wherein the treasures thereof are kept and preserved." It is unquestionably true that as a rule great writers have had memories of more than ordinary tenacity and range. The faculty of reminiscence feeds the fires of the imagination and keeps alive and orderly the sequence of philosophic thought. How much Milton, for example, profited by his prebendal and trustworthy memory is evident. Not only such poems as "Lycidas" but "Paradise Lost" and "Paradise Regained," are studded with translations or paraphrases of exquisite extracts from the classic poets.

We are told that Pascal never forgot anything he had seen, heard or thought. Arriens could repeat by rote the entire Koran when he was 10 years old, and Francis Suarez had the whole of St. Augustine in his memory. In three weeks Scitiger, the famous scholar, committed to memory every line of the "Iliad" and the "Odyssey." Another scholar, Justus Lipsius, offered to repeat the "Histories" of Tacitus without a mistake on forfeit of his life.

A Southern Conundrum.

In the olden time before the war, the days so famous for generous hospitality in the south, a brilliant party was assembled at dinner in a beautiful country homestead. Across the table west flashed back and forth, and the guests began to vie with one another in proposing conundrums.

Mr. Alexander H. Stephens offered one which puzzled the whole company, "What is it that we eat at breakfast and drink at dinner?"

For some time no answer came, and the bright eyes of the southern orator began to sparkle with triumph, when Colonel Johnson, taking up the "Commonplace Book" of the hostess, which lay conveniently by, wrote impromptu upon the flyleaf the following answer:

What is eaten for breakfast and drunken for dinner?
Is it coffee or eggs or butter or meat?
Sure double the stomach of obdurate sinner
Who eats what he drinks and drinks what he eats.

But let us consider; 'tis surely not better
Nor coffee nor meats, whether broiled or roast.
Nor boiled eggs nor poached nor fried in a better.
It must, then, be bread. Ah, yes, when 'tis toast!

—Atlanta Constitution.

A Child's Logic.

Oliver Wendell Holmes used to tell a story illustrative of the keen perception of children. He was present at a gathering where he chanced to be seated near the refreshment table and noticed a little girl looking longingly at the table. In his kindly way he said, "Are you hungry, my child?" She replied bashfully in the affirmative. "Then why don't you take a sandwich?" he asked. The little maid responded, "Because I haven't any fork." The Autocrat quoted smilingly, "Fingers were made before forks," and to his intense amusement, she answered, "Not my fingers!"

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THE DEADLY COBRA.

How Venomous Creature Is Handled By Hindoo Snake Charmers.

The creatures were on the defensive, but not one of them attempted to strike at the master, who sat serenely in front of them, so long as he did nothing to annoy them. Kullian talked to them as if they were his dearest friends. After a time one or the other of them would lower its head, collapse its hood and begin to try to wriggle away. Whereupon Kullian would give it a smart little rap on the tail with his stick and bring it instantly to attention again. Whether this man possessed any special magic over these cobras or whether the description given below of how he could handle and play with them was simply due to his method I cannot say. He himself repudiated the idea of magic and asserted positively that any one who had the necessary nerve and dexterity could do exactly the same.

He used no reed instrument or music of any kind to propitiate the reptiles. He would simply squat on his haunches in front of them, and, after they had been hissing and swaying their uplifted heads backward and forward for a few minutes, he raised his hands above their heads and slowly made them descend till they rested on the snakes' heads. He then stroked them gently, speaking all the time in the most endearing Hindoostanee terms. The serpents appeared spell-bound. They made no effort to resent the liberty, but remained quite still, with heads uplifted, and seemed rather to enjoy it. Presently his hands would descend down the necks about three inches below the heads, his fingers would close loosely around the necks, and he would lift them off the ground and place them on his shoulders. The looseness of the grip appeared to be the main secret. The snakes, being in no way hurt, would then slowly crawl through his fingers and wind themselves round his neck, his shoulders and his arms. They appeared to realize that no harm was to be done them, and they made no effort to resent the handling. He would pick them gently off one arm and place them on the other and, in fact, stroke them and pet them as if they had been a pair of harmless worms.—Cornhill.

A TIGRESS WITH A GRUDGE.

She Gets Furious at Sight of a Keeper Who Once Beat Her.

There is a lean tigress in the Central park menagerie who spends a part of the day beating her head against the iron bars of her cage in a vain attempt to spring upon one of the keepers. Ordinarily the animal is quiet enough. It is only when this keeper passes that she ceases to be a purring cat and becomes a fiend incarnate. The other morning the tigress was in an extremely bad temper. When her fancied enemy stuck a mop in through the bars to clean her cage, she sprang at him, growling in thunderous bass. Nearly everybody in the crowd stepped back involuntarily. The keeper placed an iron bar in the cage at the great cat's feet and went on with his work, while the animal snarled in impotent rage and drew back her upper lip over two gleaming white fangs.

"She doesn't seem to be fond of you," ventured a bystander.

"No, there isn't much love lost between us," replied the keeper. "Her tantrums show that animals treasure grudges just like people. That tigress came here eight years ago. A day or two after she arrived I had to punish her, and she has never got over it. She watches me all day out of the corner of her eye, and every time I go by the cage she makes a jump. I suppose she thinks she'll get me some time. If she does, I might as well say goodbye."

While the man talked the tigress looked at him with hate plainly stamped on her face. When he went away, she watched him until he was lost to view. Then she resumed her nervous tramp, tramp.—New York Mail and Express.

Profits in Fractions of Cents.

It is most astonishing that trade in these days is making its enormous profits in the fractions of a cent. In one of the cities of the country there was a bank president who gave his millions for philanthropic purposes. During his life, even on the days when he was almost too infirm to walk, he would trudge sadly and brokenly to his home. One day a man met him on the street and said:

"Why don't you take the street car?" He instantly replied, "My dear friend, do you appreciate the fact that a hundred dollars would have to work half a week to pay that fare?"

And yet he gave two millions to a library and another million to a hospital. That is the spirit of modern money making. On the one hand it gets the millions through the fractions of cents, and with the other it spends the millions without regard to decimals.—Saturday Evening Post.

Squares of Consecutive Numbers.
Squares of consecutive numbers, as 0, 1, 2, 3, 4, etc., may be formed by the simple rule: To the square of the preceding number add the preceding number and the number itself. Thus:

$0^2=0$
 $1^2=0+1=1$
 $2^2=1+2=4$
 $3^2=4+3=9$
 $4^2=9+4=16$

The algebraic proof is:
 $(x+1)^2=x^2+2x+1$
 $=x^2+x+(x+1)$
—New York Sun.

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\$30 Quartered Oak Sideboard—polished beautifully. Regularly \$40.



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